

784.2

R259j

1828

THE

SONGS,

DUETS, TRIOS, GLEES, CHORUSSES, &c.

IN THE

NEW OPERATIC ENTERTAINMENT,

Founded on the first Six Cantos of LORD BYRON's celebrated Poem of

Don Juan,

AND CALLED

JUAN'S EARLY DAYS.

WRITTEN BY

H. M. MILNER,

Author of "Barmecide; or, The Fatal Offspring," "The Jew of Lubeck,"
"Twelve Precisely," &c. &c. &c.

THE WHOLE OF THE MUSIC,

With the exception of Four Spanish Melodies, composed by

G. W. BEEVE.



AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE,

Monday, February 18, 1828.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOHN LOWNDES, 9, SOUTH SIDE
OF DRURY LANE THEATRE.

[*Price Tenpence.*]

25th Nov 1881

My dear Mr. [Name]

I have just received your letter of the 21st inst.

and am glad to hear from you.

I am sorry to hear that you are not well.

I hope you will soon be able to return to your work.

I am, dear Sir, very respectfully,
Yours truly,

[Signature]

[Name]

[Address]

[City]

[Country]

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Dramatis Personæ.

Characters in Spain.

Don Juan	MISS LOVE.
Don Alfonso	MR. J. RUSSELL.

Spanish Cavaliers, Citizens, Sailors, &c.

Donna Julia ...	MRS. GEESIN.
Donna Inez	MRS. C. JONES.
Antonia..	MRS. ORGER.

In Greece.

Lambro (<i>the Pirate Chief</i>)	MR. BEDFORD.
Cyrus (<i>a Black Slave</i>)	MR. WEBSTER.
Raucocanti (<i>Chief of a Company of Italian</i> <i>Comedians</i>)	MR. HARLEY.
Shabrac (<i>Master of a Slave-ship</i>)	MR. SALTER.
Haidee	MISS E. TREE.
Zoe	MISS I. PATON.

Greek Pirates, Revellers, Dancers, Italian Comedians, &c. &c.

In Turkey.

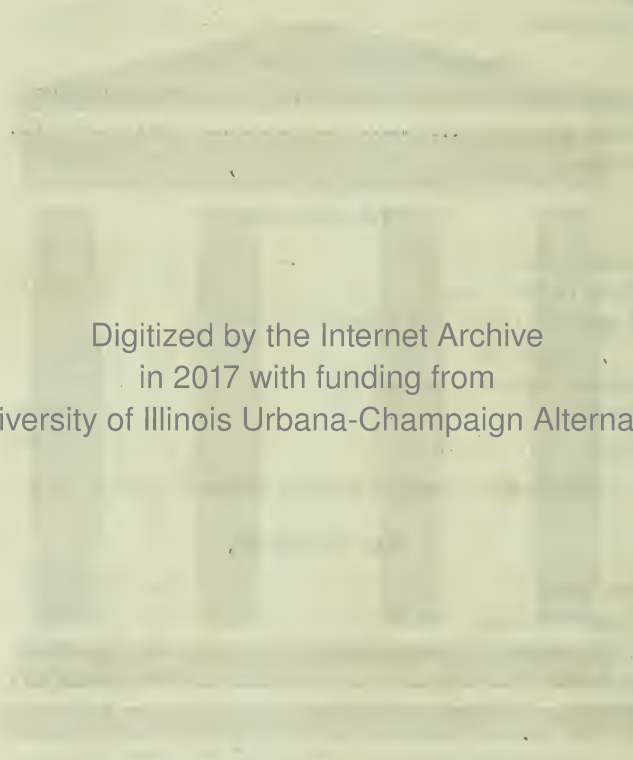
The Sultan	MR. YOUNGE.
Baba (<i>Governor of the Harem</i>)	MR. GATTIE.
Will. Johnson (<i>an English Sailor</i>)	MR. BROWNE.
Merchant	MR. DARNLEY.
Gulbeyaz (<i>Favourite of the Sultan</i>)	MISS GRANT.

Guards, Slaves, Citizens, Odaliskes, Ladies of the Harem, &c.

Principal Dancers :—

MR. & MRS. NOBLE, and MISS M'DONALD.

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Songs, Duets, Glees, &c.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Prado at Seville.*

CHORUS of Cavaliers, Promenaders, &c.

AIR—" *Viva la Constituçon.*"

The sun his fierce rays steeping
In gentle Thetis' watery breast,
With weary labourers sleeping,—
Let Sol and peasants rest.

'Tis then that love and pleasure
Call forth the gallant Cavalier,
To seek his heart's best treasure,
The Donna he holds dear.

Then beaming eyes,
Inspiring brilliance glancing,
The soul with joy entrancing,
With Luna pale arise.

AIR—JUAN.

" *Isabel.*"

Yonder she dwells, who my soul first delighted,
And first whisper'd love to me ;
To whom my first vows of love were plighted,
But, for my last,—we'll see.
There, now, our two burning hearts united
In passion's wild dream shall be,

Julia dear ! Julia dear ! Julia dear !

Fond raptures shall chase away sorrow :
 When thou'rt near, when thou'rt near, when
 thou'rt near,
 My heart scorns to think of to-morrow,
Oh ! love !

AIR—JUAN.

AIR—*Spanish National* “ *The Tragala.*”

Smile of dear woman !
 Ah ! who can resist you ?
 He surely were no man
 Who, when he might,—miss'd you.
 Fire of nature !
 Along my veins glowing,
 Sweetest of blisses,
 That fate e'er bestowing ;
 On, on before me lies all that I cherish,—
 I'll win the bright glory, or nobly perish.

CHORUS.

On, on before you lies all that you cherish,—
 Win the bright glory, or nobly perish.

SCENE II.—*Donna Julia's Apartment.*

AIR—JULIA.

I remember the time when he first wooing came,
 And beam'd like the dawn on my heart ;
 When he kindled that ardent, that rapturous
 flame,
 That the dearest of joys can impart :
 When his love shed a splendour of bliss all
 around,
 And I joy'd in its glorious light ;
 That vision is past, and on waking I've found
 Closing o'er me the darkness of night.

DUET—JUAN *and* JULIA.

JUAN.

Oh ! bid those tedious, dry, and musty rules,
 No more to haunt your mind ;
 Their precepts only suit cold-blooded fools,—
 To these true love is blind.
 Oh ! rather seek the thrilling joy
 To souls of passion given,
 That throb of burning bliss without alloy,
 Which makes this life a heaven.

JULIA.

Ah ! cease that flattering, fond, seductive strain,
 Which first my heart betray'd ;
 The dulcet voice of love now pleads in vain,
 A sterner power's obey'd.
 No more in roseate chains enthrall'd
 To happiness and you ;
 From guilty love and thee I shrink appall'd,
 And bid ye both adieu.

TRIO—JUAN, ANTONIA, JULIA.

Ant. Fly, fly, fly, the windows open on the
 garden ;

Juan. 'Tis too high ; I sure my life should
 end.

Julia. I must die,—I never more can hope for
 pardon.

Ant. Fie ! fie ! fie ! would that the matter
 mend ?

Run, run, run ! if you're found in my
 lady's chamber,
 We're all undone.

Juan. Where, tell me, can I hide ?
To save number one, I either up or down
will clamber.

Julia. Ere he's begun, I'll try myself to chide.

CONCERTED SCENE.

RECITATIVE—JULIA.

In heaven's name, Don Alfonzo, what d'ye mean ?
Has madness seized you ? Would that I had
died,

Ere such a monster's victim I had been.

What may this midnight violence betide,
A sudden fit of drunkenness or spleen ?

Dare you suspect me, whom the thought would
kill ?

Search then the room—

Alfonzo. Without delay I will.

AIR—ALFONZO, and Chorus.

Search, search, search ! search under and search
over,

For if above this earth he is, I'll find out Mr.
 Lover ; we'll

Nor nook, nor hole, nor press, nor niche, shall
furnish him a cover.

DUET—JULIA and ANTONIA.

This sad severity ^I cannot bear,
 she

'Twill drive ^{me} hapless creature to despair.
 her lady

Ah ! why suspect ?—ah ! why this angered air,
Dear Don Alfonzo ? ha ! he is not there !

Monster ! tyrant ! persecutor !

Dar'd you think to find a suitor ?

Dar'd suspect, oh ! ye great powers !

Virtue so sublime as ours !

ANTONIA.

Oh, ye husbands, how you treat us !
 Is not this far worse than beat us ?
 Did a husband so serve me,
 It should not for nothing be.

ALFONZO.

Pardon, dear creature, this visit so rude,
 Believe that 'twas love set me on ;
 I know that your temper's forgiving and good.

Julia. Insulting deceiver ! begone !

Ant. Sure the god of love must aid them.

Julia. Ears and eyes and all betray'd them.

Both. Cupid sure is wondrous kind,
 To strike such husbands deaf and blind ;
 But, then the dear creature, ah ! where
 can he be ?

Juan. Ensconced snugly here, ladies, thank
 you for me.

Three. Do not our adventures decidedly prove
 That fate e'er protects those who risk
 all for love ?

SCENE IV.—*Apartment in Donna Inez's House.*

TRIO—ALFONZO, INEZ, and JUAN.

Alfon. } I choke with confusion and rage,
Inez. } I shall surely go mad with despair,
 To think that two lovers so sage,
 To the world should so simple appear.
Juan. Young love still will tickle old age,
 Nay, yield not yourselves to despair !
 Tho' 'tis strange an Hidalgo so sage
 Should be caught in intrigues with
 the fair.

SCENE V.—*Spanish Sea-port.*

AIR—JUAN.

Oh ! yes love, yes love, yes love holds universal
 sway,

The wicked, wanton, little rogue still leads our
 hearts astray.

Oh ! then what doubts and fears assail us,

 What strong emotion thrills each breast,

Makes us all wonder what can ail us,

 Why inward tumult chaces rest !

Why gleams that burning blush

 On yonder maiden's brow ?

Those short-breath'd sighs,—that sudden
 flush ?

Why does she feel—she can't tell how ?

 Oh ! yes love, &c.

Oh ! yes love, &c.

But tho' the tyrant wanton revels

 Thus in their pangs who wear his chain,

And in one common bondage levels

 All whom his darts afflict with pain ;

Yet, ah ! what balmy pleasure

 He pours into their hearts ;

What thrilling transport without measure

 His deepest wound imparts.

 Oh ! yes love, &c.

AIR—ANTONIA.

He's gone across the cruel seas,

 I hope they may not wet him ;

But have what lovers else I please,

 I'm sure I can't forget him.

If he had stay'd, I'd lov'd him well,

 I'd never cross nor fret him ;

Oh, how my heart with grief does swell,

 I'm sure I can't forget him.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Cavern, with View of the Ocean and Greek Islands.*

GLEE—LAMBRO and PIRATES.

How sweetly o'er the blue wave smile
The cliffs of our own dear native isle:
Oh! how the mariner's heart it cheers,
As toward the wish'd for port he steers.
Howe'er so dear the joy to roam,
What heart not thrills,
What eye not fills,
To gain once more its native home?

SCENE III.—*The Gardens of LAMBRO's Villa, decorated for a Festival. In the back an elegant Kiosk.*

CHORUS of Guests, Revellers, &c.

Fill high the cup with Samian wine;
Let festive notes vibrate the chords;
Shed free the blood from Scio's vine;
Leave battle to the Turkish hordes.

Let pleasure yield her every joy,
Let time on wings of rapture fly;
Yes, ours is bliss without alloy,
And envied e'en by gods on high.

AIR—JUAN.

Oh! yes, at night, love,
'Neath the moon's light, love,
Whilst the world's care-worms are deaden'd in
sleep,
Those who would know
What life has to bestow,
Their vigils of rapture and ecstacy keep.

Oh ! it is sweet, love,
 Thus at thy feet, love,
 Soft vows of passion delighted to breathe ;
 When hearts combine,
 With each other entwine,
 And form of life's garden the bloomingest wreath.

In these roseate bowers, love,
 Let each joy be ours, love,
 Joys which fond love, and love only, imparts :
 All sorrows defying,
 'Midst sweet blisses dying,
 Such death is the only true life of our hearts.

AIR—JUAN.

This arm is firm, this heart is true,
 From her I will not sever ;
 I'll die for her, but yield to you,
 My soul disdains it—never !

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Cabin of a Turkish Slave-ship.*

CHORUS *of Italian Comedians, Slaves, &c.*

How merrily we live, who captives be,
 And roll along so cheerily over the salt sea :
 Our country, fortune, hope, and friends we left,
 when we left ground :
 What signifies ?—Where'er we go, there's others
 to be found.

MOCK BRAVURA—RAUCOCANTI.

Recitative.

If ever you should chance to go to the grand
 Opera-a,
 Get a place about the middle of the pit, and don't
 sit off too far ;

Because, tho' my voice is powerful, musical, sweet,
 and clear-a,
 The nearer you happen to be to me, the better
 you will hear-a.

When first I come on, I make a bow, and would
 you know the cause-a,
 It is a sort of sham respect I pay the folks, to trick
 them out of their applause-a ;
 And when after I've had a round or two, and the
 fiddlers set up their dinning,
 I hem and ha, and blow my nose, and then make
 a beginning.

(Air—Adagio.)

First, in a sweet and tender strain,
 I try their hearts to soften ;
 Their tears come streaming down like rain—
 Sometimes—but, 'tis not often.

In languishing cadenza—I
 So quiver and shake—Pianissimo !
 From high to low, from low to high,
 In raptures all my hearers cry,
 Bravo ! Bravo ! Bravissimo !

(Allegro.)

Then off I start in a movement that's quicker,
 And tickle their fancies with livelier notes ;
 The plaudits and bravos come thicker and
 thicker,
 And louder than I do they strain their sweet
 throats.
 I work it well up, a-la-mode di Rossini,
 The fiddlers all going it hard as they can ;
 The leader is viewing his score with a keen eye,
 The ladies exclaiming, " the exquisite man ! "

(Presto.)

But, further to charm them,
 Or sometimes alarm them,
 Still faster and faster the movement proceeds ;
 Of notes the quick rattle
 Resembles a battle,
 And bawling and roaring to music succeeds.
 With might and main
 My throat I strain ;
 With lungs so stout,
 Aloud I shout,
 Till all delighted,
 Some affrighted,
 Swoon with rapture,
 Hearts I capture ;
 Zounds and fury !
 I assure ye,
 Sounds so tumultuous rend seldom the sky,
 Whilst ancora—ancora's the general cry.

AIR—SHABRAC.

Come on to the market, you all quick must
 trudge,
 This whip shall assist, if you don't forward
 budge.
 Amidst all our chances, from birth to the grave,
 We may sometimes be master and sometimes be
 slave ;
 But the worst fate of all is the chain of those elves,
 Who, tho' masters of others, are slaves to them-
 selves.

SCENE II.—*Slave Market at Constantinople.*CHORUS of *Slaves, Merchants, Citizens, &c.*

Let all who more money would gain,
 Or all who have money to spend,
 Who traffic in oil, fruit, or grain,
 Or are willing their money to lend ;

All those who their merchandize cry,
 Or those who to purchase come far ;
 In short, all who'd sell or who'd buy,
 Now haste to the busy Bazaar.

AIR—JUAN.

Tho' in slavery's fetters this body you bind,
 And chain me for life to the oar,
 You cannot controul the proud efforts of mind,
 Which above you and fate shall triumphantly
 soar.

SCENE IV.—*Splendid Apartment in the Seraglio.*

CHORUS of *Odaliskues, &c.*

Hail to the queen of beauty,
 Our Sultan's guiding star ;
 All homage, love, and duty,
 Her rightful tribute are.

DUET—JUAN and GULBEYAZ.

Juan. A subject's duty may await
 Its lord with bended knee,
 And bow before a crowned state,
 But love is for the free.

Gul. Furies now my bosom rending,
 Of my tortures sport you make ;
 Ere to such humiliation bending,
 Sure my haughty heart will break.
 Tyrant passion, all-subduing,
 Must I stoop so low as this ?
 See, with scorn the monster viewing
 Her who proffer'd envied bliss.

Juan. This burst of passion can't alarm me,
Here indifferent I stand :

Gul. Can a woman's tears disarm ye ?
See her sue who might command !

Juan. In vain you still had sought to wake my
fears,
But I'm not proof against a woman's
tears.

Their charm a stoic soul to pity soft
might move,
And pity ever is and was most near akin
to love.

Both. Love his tender influence shedding,
Draws ^{his} captive soul to ^{thee} ;
^{my} me ;
Peace and joy around us spreading,
Those who love cannot be free !

F I N I S .